



DONNA WAGEMAN

The road to Cody winds seemingly on and on through a landscape eerily reminiscent of Tolkien's Middle Earth. The empty highway stretches through ranchland, barren mountains and sulphurous springs, mostly bereft of human population and signs of civilization. As the weary traveler draws near to his destination, the distinctive and memorable sight of Heart Mountain serves as a striking beacon from several directions. Part of the Absaroka Range, the mountain essentially sits alone on a forlorn stretch of road between the towns of Cody and Powell, frequently radiant in the sunlight but just as often shrouded in storm clouds. From a distance, it appears to be a dry, rocky structure; a Big Horn Basin landmark, ancient and mysterious. To the locals it is a well-loved place and many have attempted the trail, climbing up to its imposing limestone peak.

the Heart of our West

The story of Heart Mountain and the changes that it has seen represent the ever-changing community that surrounds it.

BY TARA KUNESH

A hiker takes a moment to enjoy the view from the top.



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